THE

Courte of Uenus. Newly and diligently corrected with many proper Wallades newly amended, and also added therunto which haue not before bene imprinted.

IN the moneth of may when the new tender grene
Hath smothly couered the ground that was bare
Poudred with flours, so wel be sene
I would haue brought my hart out of care
And as I walked in the wood so fayre
Thycke of grasse among the floures swete
And many a hoisome herbe fayre vnder the fete.

I heard one hunt, me thought it did blow
In a great horne of styke sowne
At the roote of the heart, as farre as I could know
Toward the cry I had me fast bowne
And at the last, for weary I sat me downe
Thynking a whyle to take my restyng
The houndes were gone out of my hearing.

And for that I know my selfe to be alone
And sodeinly my grefe, I beganne to complayne
Me thought I had good place, my selfe to mone
And ease my hart of myne owne payne
Besechyng Venus to lose me out of chayne
I was so fast and sure stong through the hart
Wyth the fyry chayne, that I could not start.

And as I was making my complaint
Of my true seruyce to my lady deare
And how nothing I was repentaunt
Saue to her presence, I was not taken nere
Genius came and asked me what cheare
Who is with Venus put in such trust
That lyke to dye for loue, confesse them he must.

Venus knew I had a wokful hart
And wher we thus content she knoweth her relese
To me therfore she send her owne clarke

To slacke my sorowes, and helpe me of my gryefe
That was so far in daunger and myschiete
For whether I would, she knew I durst not speake
Whych caused my hart in sonder to breake.

I layd my head betwixt my life and death
Upon his kne, and what he said I heard
And by that time I scarsly drew my breath
But hard his tale or I answered
I hath bene pity, him to haue disturbed
Oftentimes he bad, that I should leaue my wo
And sayd of my dysease ther were fyue hundreth mo.

He bad therfore that I wyth pen and ynke
Ere y wyth wryting should make my complaynt
Ther shalbe a redresse, soner then ye thinke
And bad no more that my heare should raynt
And of our bylles, he sayd he would none want
Of them he thought to haue good comfort
And would present him selfe in Venus court.

For she entendeth, and that is in al hast
To surmount the parlyament as fast as can be done
And Iupiter himselfe within this day past
Hath commaunded Marcury for to be gone
Upon his message, some cal him Stylbone
With his commission also for to compel
Mynos to come, the iudge of dreful hel.

To the mount of Cethro, wher Venus doth dwel
The preparement made is so farre exceding
That of such triumphe no storyes doth tel
That is aboue al other so farre transcending
And for the whyle, she had me by copying
Of these complaynes, which doth folow

And after that I should know the matter thorow

The whole fashion of euery thing
He would me send therfore we must be gone
Of matters determined, as wel as of the metting
But I besought him, or euer I were alone
That of Venus court he would interpret the fashion
Some thing to make but he would not consent
Tyl it were concluded by the parliament.

But thus farre he sayd he durst report
That loue without charitie, should be put downe
Nor periured persons, should no more resort
Unto the court of Venus doth frowne
When the religion hath them bowne
And to Digna them selfe hath also sworne
And yet through Heccates in her court be borne.

Whom the Poets cal the gods of courtesy
That now is in so great displeasure
And like to be expelled for his baudry
Whych hath done mischiefe out of measure
Ipocrysye is spyed for al his treasure
That he spedeth as wel as the false fore
As that in armes, had many a bloudy bore.

And Venus intendeth Diana to compel
For to suppose vnder the coulour of chastitie
No more in asking, but to expel
Out of her retynew inconuenientlye
For whose supposting she is had in iealousye
And thus he went and bad me farewel
And at another tyme he would me more tel.
And therfore I must (my reader) intreat

The Prologue.

Desyryng you hartely to be content
For though I haue not, I wyl not forget
To describe the court, I wil deligent
And at the end of this complaynt set it
But I as nothing of myne induction
Wyl once report of Genius instruction.

And here folowyth, wherin you may rede
To the court of Venus a grsate nomber
Their harts they say be as heauy as lead
Their sorowful wo, I am sure you wil tender
For if that I were mayden vncumber
And had such myght as she hath mone
Out of their payne they should be lettin gone.

¶ Thus endeth the prologue, and hereafter folowyth the new court of Venus.

My penne take payne a lytle space
to folow the thing that doth me chase
and hath in hold, my hart so sore
And when thou hast this brought to passe:
Wy pen I praye the wryte no more.

Remember how thou hast oft pleased
And al my sorowes also eased
But now vnknowen, I knew before
That wher I trust I am decepued
And yet my pen thou canst do no more.

A tyme thou hadst as other haue
To wryt whych way my hope to craue
That tyme is past, wythdraw therfore
[illegible] and other saue

Is good leaue of, and wryt no more.

And vse to worke another way
Not as ye would but as ye may
For eis my lyke is past restore
and my desire is my decay
and yet my pen now wryt no more.

To loue in vaine whosoeuer shal
Of worldly payne it passeth al
Is in like case, I find wherfore
To hold so fast, and yet to fal
Alas my pen now wryte no more.

Seyng thou hast taken payne this space
To folow that whych doth me chase
and hath in hold my hart so sore
And now to haue brought this to passe
Wy pen I pray the to wryt no more.

Finis.

My lute awake performe the last
Labour that thou and I shal wast,
and end that I haue new begone
For when this song, is gon and past
My lute be stil for I haue done
As to be heard wher care is none
I lead to graue in a marble stone
My song may perse, heart as sone
Should we then syng, wepe or mone
No more my lute for I haue done.

The rocke doth not so cruelly
Repulse the waues continually
As she my sute and affection.

So that I am past al remedy
Wherby my lute and I haue done

Proud of the splen that thou hast shot
Of symple hart, through loues got
Unkind although thou hast them won
Thinke not he hath his owne forgot
Although my lute and I haue done.

Vengeaunce may fal on such dysdayne
That maketh but game of earnest paine
Crow not alone vnder the sonne
Ungently to cause to louers plaine
Although my lute and I haue done

And then may chaunce the to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy louer to sighe and sowne
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent
And wyshe and want as I haue done

My lute be stil this is the last
Labour that thou and I shal wast
And end that I haue begonne
Or when this song is song and past
My lute be still for I haue done.

Finis,

TO whom should I sue to ease my payne
To my mystres, nay nay certayne
For feare she should me then disdayne
I dare not sue, I dare not sue.

When I should speake to my mystres
In hope for to get redres

Whea I should speake, when I shold speake

What hap had I that suffereth payne
And if I myght her grace attayne
Or els she would here me complayne
What hap had I, what hap had I.

I fly for feare to be espyed
Or of evil wil to be destroyed
The place wher I would fayneſt abyde
I fly for feare, I fly for feare.

Though I wer bold who should me blame
Love caused me to do the same
Wyth honesty it were no shame,
Thouth I were bold, though I were bold.

And here an end, wyth ful glad wyl
In purpose for to serue her styl
And for to part thinke none yl
And here an end, and here an end.

Finis.

Dyſdaine me not without deſert
Nor leaue me not ſo ſodeynly
Hence wel ye wot that in my hart
I meane nothing but honeſty
Dyſdayne me not
Refuſe me not without cauſe why
Nor thynke me not to be vntruſt
Synce that by lot of kantalye
The careful knot nedes knyt I muſt.
Refuſe me not.
Wyſtruſt me not though ſome therbe
That fayne would ſpot thy ſtedfaſtnes
Beleue them not ſeyng that ye ſe

The

The proke is not as they expresse
Mystrust me not.
Forsake me not tll I deserue
Nor hate me not tll I swarue
For syth you knew what I entend.
Forsake me not.
Dysdayne me not being your owne
Refuse me not that I am so true
Mystrust me not tll al be knowen
Forsake me neuer for no new
Disdayne me not.

Finis.

FOrtune what ayleth the
Thus for to banyshe me
Her company whom I loue best,
For to complayne me
Nothing auayleth me
Adew farewel this nights rest.
Her demure countenaunce
Her womanly countenaunce
Hath wounded me through Venus darte,
That I cannot refrayne me
Nother yet abstayne me
But nedes must loue her withal my hart.

Long haue I loued her
Oft haue I proued her
Yet alas through dysdayne
Nothyng regardyng me
Nor yet rewardeth me
But letteth me lye in mortal payne.

Yet shal I loue her stil
Wythal my hart and wyl

Wher so euer I ryde or go
My hart my seruyce
Afore al ladyes
Is hers al onely and no mo

She hath my hart and euer shal
In this terrestrial
What can she more of me require
Her whom I loue best
God send her good rest
And me hartely my whole desyre
Finis.

I May by no meanes surmyse
My fantasy to resyst
But after the old gyse
To cal on had I wyst
And thought it to suffyce
That agayne I shal haue none
Yet can I not deuyse
To get agayne myne owne.

It is my hart that I haue lost
God send it me againe
I should it haue what euer it cost
Or els I am but slaine
I study day and night
And loud I cry and cal
To be deliuered quyte
From her that I am thral

And yet agaynst al right
Of force I must stil mone
For it doth passe my might
To get agayne myne owne, &c.

In torimentes I am torne
That no rest kind I can
None so vnhappye borne
Sence that the world began
I aske but such corne
And such sede that was sowne
And yet though I had swornе
I cannot get my owne.

But seyng that I cannot
Attayne my true desyre
Nor by no meane may not
Crepe out of the fyre
Geue ought of your owne
By reason that you should not
Let me to haue myne owne.

Finis,

IF fantasy would fauour that faith may not preuail
As I deserue and shal To helpe me fyrst nor last
My loue my lady paramour
should loue me best of al Since fantasy at his luste
Doth rule al by gesse
And if I not attayne Wherto shoulde I put trust
The grace that I desire In truth and stedfastnes.
Then may I wel complayne
My seruyce and my hier Yet gladly would I please
That fantasy of my hart
Fantasy knoweth how That may me onely ease
To forbeare my true hart and helpe my careful smart.
If fantasye might auow
Wyth fayth to take part Therfore my lady deare
Let se your fantasy.
But fantasy is fraple to make some appeare
And fletynge styl so fast Of helpe and remedy

For

For if ye be my frend Els fantasy doth not ryght.
And vndertake my wo As I deserue and shal
My gryefe is at an end To her day and night
It ye contynew so. To love me best of al.

DUring of payne and greuous smart
Hath brought me lowe & wōderous
that I cānot cōfort my hart (weake
Why sighest thou my hart & wil not
(breake
The sighes and plaintes are al in vaine
the teares that from thyne eyes doth leake
This life is death, this ioy is payne
Why syghest thou hart and wil not breake

Thou clymest to catche wher is no hold
Thou pullest the stringes that be to weake
Thy careful lyfe cannot be told
Why syghest thou hart and wyl not breake

The faythfuller thou dost endure
Lesse she regarded to heare the speke
And seyng pytye wyl the not cure
Why sighest thou hart and wil not breake.

As good thou were a sunder to ryue
As thus in thought thy selfe to breake
Better to dy then thus to lyue
Why syghest thou hart and wil not breake.

I pray the pytye shew redresse
Or els come death thy selfe awreake
And if thou fynd no gentlenesse
Syth no more, but hart thou breaket.

Finis.

Now

Now must I lern to faine
and do as other do
Seing no truth doth raine
That I may trust vnto
I was both true & playne
To one and to no mo
And vnto me againe
Alas she was not so.

Out of her sight no pleasur
But to my hart gret paine
And teares out of measure
& out of mine eies did raine
Her absence was my death
For to depart her fro
And yet alas her fayth
Was fayned and not so.

Vnknowē againe my hart
Into my foes hand
and euer I could astart
Out of that careful band
All the wyt I had
Could scace the knot vndo
This careful lyfe I had
For one that was no so.

Not the feuer quartayne
Doth halfe a man so shake
As dyd the wo and payne
That dayly dyd me take
No slepe could I nor rest
But tossyng to and fro
And whereas I loued best
Alas she did not so,

The night right lōg & heuy
The dayes of my torment
The sighes continually
That thorow my hart wēt
My colour pale and wan
To her dyd playnly shewe
That I was her true man
And yet she thought not so

And seing it is my chaūce
My lous in vaine to wast
I am not in that daunce
The first nor yet the last
But wise he is by once
That can his foly know
To reuoke at once
Seyng she wyl no so.

Finis.

LOue whom you lyst and spare not
Therwyth I am content
Hate whom you lyst and spare not
For I am indyfferent

Do what you lyst and dread not
After your owne fantasye
Thynke what you lyst and feare not

For al is one with me.

For as for me I am not
Wauering as the wind
But euen as one that reketh not
Whych way you turne your mind

For in your loue I doubt not
But as one that reketh not
Whether you hate or hate not
In leaſt charge of my thought.

Wherfore I pray you forget not
But that I am wel content
To loue whom you liſt and ſpare not
For I am indyfferent

Finis.

MErualle no more al tho
The ſonges I ſing do mone
For other life then woe
I neuer proued none
And in my hart alſo
Is grauen with letters depe
And many thouſands mo
The flouds of teares to wepe.

How may a man in ſmart
Find mater to reioyce
How may a wofull hart
Set forth a pleaſaunt voyce
Play who can that depart
In me muſt nedes appere
How fortune ouerthwart

Perdy

Perdye ther is no man
If he neuer saw syght
That parfectly tel can
The nature of the light
How should I than
That neuer tasted but soure
But do as I began
Continually to loure.

Such chaunce perchaunce may chaunce
To cause me chaunge my tune
And when such chaunce doth chaunce
Then shal I thanke fortune
And if such chaunce do chaunce
Perchaunce or it be long
For such a pleasant chaunce
To sing some pleasant song.

Finis.

Shal she neuer out of my mynd
Nor shal I neuer out of my payne
Alas her ioy doth so bind
For lacke of helpe now am I slayne

I neuer told her of my mynd
What payne I suffer for his sake
Alas what paynes myght I now find
That no displeasure with me she take
Yf I speake fayre she sayth I flatter
And if I dare not, I shal not spede
If I to her do wryte a letter
Then will she say she cannot rede.

Shal I dyspayre yet [illegible] this
Nay nay my hart wil not do so